

I think they improve the
writing —
make the wine taste better
make the fingers find the natural
and easy keys.

this is a thank you poem, ladies
and gentlemen, for the fine
Nicaraguan cigars.

now
among this
sacred blue smoke
let me go on to
other
subject matter.

FOR A MAN WHO WALKS AROUND MY TYPEWRITER VERY OFTEN

I'd piss on the moon and light a cigarette
I'd call myself around the block and when I came to
answer I'd punch myself in the face
if I were Céline and if I were alive

Céline, you magnificent dog
Céline I'll bet you beat your mother and if you had a
brother you beat him too

Céline you flogged yourself Céline you drank water and
walked in the sun

If I were France I'd call myself Céline

Céline you wrote with words that
more than bit
more than chewed and spit out
more than laughed
laughed more than laughter

I'm not France
but if I were France
I'd call myself
Céline

— Charles Bukowski

San Pedro CA

LATE BULLETIN: There is now SURE, The Charles Bukowski
Newsletter, \$12/3 nos. fm. P.O. Box 40, Homeland CA
92348. No. 1 has Ron Koertge and Steve Richmond pieces.